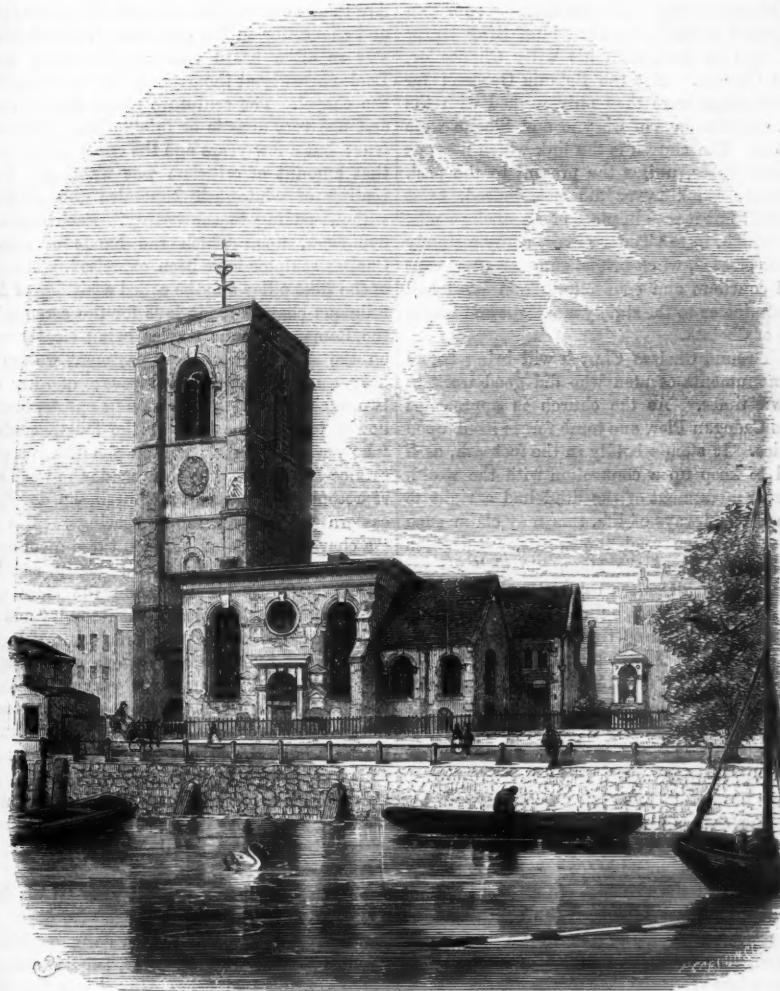


THE CURIOSITY

Saturday, June 2, 1866.



OLD CHELSEA CHURCH, AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

CHELSEA, sir, was a village of palaces once, and will be so again." Such was the remark made to us, a few days past, by a Chelsea dame. Her history may be admitted, her prophecy is debatable. Chelsea was a village of palaces in the olden

days, when Winchester House, the palatial manor house where Elizabeth was nursed; Shrewsbury House, the mansions of the Stanleys, Lindseyes, Laurences, Cheynes, and the home of Sir Thomas More, stood, in proud beauty, on the bank of the

then bright Thames. But they stand no longer; and "Chelsea buns" have secured a fame for the village which all its palatial structures failed to confer.

What link connects the "Chelchitte" of the sixteenth century with that of the nineteenth? Not its once noble mansions; their very sites are matters of controversy. Not the Hospital; for that did not exist in the days when bluff King Harry walked, arm in arm, with his witty Chancellor, More, at Chelsea. Not the Botanic Garden; for the apothecaries were then only ranked with the grocers, and the days of Cheyne and Sloane were far distant. The church is the link which here, as in so many cases, unites the present to the past. The massive brick tower did not, indeed, exist before 1667, but it rose in place of an ancient pile, towards which, in the Tudor times, many a stately barge was steered, when bright summer afternoons tempted courtiers and counsellors from Whitehall and Westminster to the stately mansions and bright gardens of Chelsea.

A walk round Chelsea Church will bring before us the monuments of men who did good work in their own times. As the church is approached from the Cadogan Pier, one tomb forces itself upon our notice. It stands boldly in the footpath, as if resolved to keep up a connection with the world. And if ever monument of the dead had a right to stand in the highways of life, this may claim such a title. When we read the words, "Elizabeth Lady Sloane, wife of Sir Hans Sloane," we remember how much Chelsea especially owes to that name; we therefore rejoice that Elizabeth Cadogan and Sarah Stanley raised this monument to their father's memory. The canopied marble urn on the top doubtless implies that the memory of the deceased botanist will be carefully cherished; while the four serpents, ingeniously cut from one piece of stone, and twining round the urn, remind us of the prudence appropriate to a physician.

Let us now enter the church, and search for the existing mementoes of the chancellor, friend, victim, and reproach of the last King Henry. Two memorials of Sir Thomas More remain: a monumental stone and the chapel, both erected by himself. The former is a tablet on the south wall of the chancel, dated 1532, and bearing a long Latin inscription, containing an epitome of his own life and a eulogium on his father, Chief Justice More. It also refers to the removal of his first wife's body to Chelsea Church, and expresses his own expectation of resting there. The tablet is ornamented with rich sculpture, contains five shields of armorial bearings, and is surmounted by his crest, a Moor's head.

The chapel, erected on the south side of the chancel by Sir Thomas More, for the use of himself and family, is small, being only about

twenty feet long by fifteen wide. The removal of the west wall, in 1667, has destroyed that seclusion which belonged to the structure as a private chapel. A stranger might now enter it without noticing any decisive memorial of its celebrated founder. Elaborate monuments are on the walls, but they speak not of Sir Thomas More. Are there no memorials, then, of the famous scholar and chancellor in his own chapel, where his voice was so often heard chanting the daily service? Look narrowly at the capitals of the two pillars in the chapel. The sculpture seems quaint enough, and not very artistic or intelligible. This may be true; but a few years ago the opportunity for even that amount of criticism was wanting. A thick coating of whitewash concealed the quaintness, without adding to the beauty. Each capital was five faces, upon which the hands of some old Chelsea sculptor have been exercised. The capital of the west pillar may be called a history of More's religious character, his love for the ceremonials of the Roman Catholic service being clearly written on the stone. In one compartment we see "the holy candles" placed crosswise; another shows two ancient candlesticks, having spikes, instead of bowls, to hold the tapers; the fourth contains a "holy water" vessel; and on the fifth is a clasped service-book. Having thus made the west capital represent the rites of his church, he devoted the eastern to family heraldic bearings. His arms, "a chevron engrailed between three moor cocks;" his crest, the Moor's head; many small and strangely-expressive heads on the sides of the capitals and in the volutes, with sundry additional family arms, complete this brief history in stone. The figures, 1528, are cut on one of the capitals, and they probably denote the year in which More finished the chapel. The small structure was evidently furnished with everything necessary for the celebration of the Missal services. In 1552 it was called "Lady More's Chapel," when the Royal Commissioners found there "two altar cloths," "an altar cloth of Brydge satn," "two curtains of silk," "fourteen candlesticks of pewter," and "one pair of organs."

To this chapel More went, with all his family, friends, and household, on all service days. Here he must often have knelt, with daughter Margaret and son Roper; while his poor, fidgety, and consequential wife, "Mistress Alice," was thinking of the rumples in her dress, and worrying herself about the preparations for dinner. The joy which More felt at the completion of his chapel can only be estimated by bearing in mind the intense religious fervour of this singular man. Were a Lord Chancellor now to leave his pew, put on a chorister's surplice, and join the singing boys in the parish church on Sunday morning, the public would probably regard it as a case of monomania. But

More, when at the height of his fame, not only sang in the choir, but carried a large cross at the head of the parish processions. This was no sudden outburst of fiery and antagonistic zeal, produced by the rapid spread of the Reformation. When young, he had resolved to become a Franciscan friar; but his natural shrewdness mingled with religious emotion. He resolved, first, to try how that kind of life would suit him, by adopting a vigorous system of fasting, the wearing of hair shirts, rejecting his pillow for a log, and giving some variety to the discipline, by honest, hearty, private whippings. The result was the common-sense conclusion, that "it did his soul no good," in which, probably, a great many will agree. What would do him good? To judge by his conduct, his answer would have been, "The law, a wife, and religion." He carried out all the course with his natural ardour, but especially the religious. The citizens sometimes heard the barrister, Thomas More, lecturing in the pulpit of St. Laurence, Old Jewry, on St. Augustine; and his family well knew that he wore, at certain times, the penitential hair shirt next his skin, and whipped himself every Friday. Bearing in mind these characteristics, and also remembering that More was the wittiest, the shrewdest, the most industrious, and one of the most learned men of his time, we may then be able to picture to our minds the man who finished this chapel. He came here, doubtless, sometimes with a tranquil mind; but often must he have knelt in his chapel with a boding heart. He became Lord Chancellor on October 25, 1529, the year after its completion; but the tide of the Reformation was too strong for More, and he resigned on May 10, 1532. The reader may smile at being reminded that the retiring judge made over his "fool," Pattison, to the Lord Mayor; but the fool was then a respectable symbol of official station.

The opposition of one who had been so high looked like treason; the State declared against the Pope's headship, and in such a struggle the man was inevitably vanquished. On the 13th of May, 1534, he knelt for the last time in Chelsea Church, where he received the sacrament before taking boat for Lambeth, to appear before the Royal Commissioners. The previous March had witnessed the execution of the rector, John Larke, at Tyburn, for denying the king's supremacy; and as More had resolved upon the same course, he must have felt he was leaving the church for a scaffold. We cannot here enter into the particulars of his imprisonment; his trial on the 1st of July, 1535, when he walked from the Tower to Westminster, clad in an old woollen gown; and his execution on Tower Hill, on July 6. The question, Where was he buried? naturally arises. There can be little doubt that his body was interred in

the Tower, and that his head is preserved in a leaden case, in the vaults of St. Dunstan's, Canterbury. His heroic and loving daughter, Margaret Roper, bought the head from the officers, after it had been exposed for some days on London Bridge. Having been embalmed, it was kept in her house for nine years; and at her funeral, in 1544, was deposited in her vault. A head, supposed to be that of Sir Thomas More, was seen there in 1715, and again in 1835, enclosed in a case placed in a niche of the wall.

The other monuments in the church would furnish matter for a volume; but our limited space forbids detailed notices.

Where did Sir Thomas More reside? If the visitor will walk to the north side of Beaufort Row, he will be near the site of Beaufort House. This was the home of Sir Thomas More, where he lived in a sort of patriarchal happiness, in the midst of his married family; where Erasmus visited him; where the great painter, Holbein, lived with his generous patron for three years; and where the king used to come, in his merriest moods, to enjoy his chancellor's wit. Does the house stand? Scarcely a stone is left. The Moravian burial ground was formed out of the gardens, and the south wall, perhaps, contains a few stones of Sir Thomas More's once famous mansion.

Our space forbids even an outline of Sir Thomas More's life. Most are acquainted with the principal events: his birth in Milk Street, Cheapside, 1480; his early education in St. Anthony's School, Threadneedle Street; his further training, as a page, in the house of Archbishop Morton; the development of his mind at Canterbury College, now Christchurch, Oxford, where he met with Erasmus; his preparation for the bar, at Lincoln's Inn; and his rapid rise, both as a lawyer and a politician, until he sat in the chancellor's marble chair. In contemplating his character, we see many noble qualities seriously damaged by a common failing. Frankness, child-like simplicity, a kindness of heart approaching to tenderness, an enthusiastic love of learning, a rectitude which, in spite of Walpole's saying, had not "its price," and a deep, religious feeling, were all injured by theological bitterness. The Reformation threw More from his balance. Religion was in him a deep sentiment, and he almost laid aside logic when brought face to face with the stirring questions of the Reformers. In his "Utopia," written before the theological battle became serious, he speaks as one desirous of a great reform; but when the trumpet sounded for the decisive assault, More joined the Papal ranks. He is even charged by Foxe, in his "Book of Martyrs," with whipping Bainham, the Protestant, in the garden at Chelsea; and also aiding those who used the rack on the Reformers imprisoned in the Tower. We must

not, however, forgot that More denied these statements in the most emphatic manner. There can, however, be little doubt that the wit, humour, and gentleness of More were, at last, dipped in the wormwood and gall of theological warfare. We must, nevertheless, remember that very few men had then learned to spell the word toleration.

What has won for Sir Thomas More a niche in the gallery of England's historical men? His name is not connected with scientific discovery, nor

with any *first-class* literary work, nor even with decisive and marked legal improvements. But he did a good work: he represented England before that council of the learned, in the centre of which stood Erasmus; and joined with men like Colet, Grocyn, Linacre, Lilly, Budæus, and Manuzio, in promoting the revival of learning. Therefore his statue yet stands in the great hall of fame, and his name shines still on the golden roll of literature.

W. D.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

"Though Noah, Daniel, and Job were in it, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness."—Ezek. xiv. 20.

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die."—Ezek. xviii. 4.



PLACE these texts together, because I believe the two chapters from which they are taken preach to us the same truth, though under different aspects.

It is one of the most solemn truths in all the Holy Book.

1. Two opinions seem to have prevailed among the Jews, which are expressly reprobated and set aside in these chapters. The first was, that the piety of the righteous among them would avert the threatened judgments of God. There were men among them who, in the midst of widespread infidelity and sin, still held fast their faith, while they sighed and mourned over the wickedness which they saw around. The godless gathered an assurance of impunity from this. Had not God promised Abraham that if but ten righteous persons could be found in the guilty cities of the plain, he would spare the wicked for their sake? And if the Sodomites might have been spared for the sake of ten good men, surely Israel would escape judgment for the piety of the godly that was to be found among them. This seems to have been their thought. Instead of looking on the servants of God as examples to be followed, and feeling rebuked by their piety, they drew from their presence an excuse for sin, and boldly believed they might sin on without fear of the Divine anger, because God would spare them for the sake of his own servants.

Now, as to the fact, these Jews were right; but in the use they made of it, they were utterly wrong. It is unquestionably true that, for the sake of the godly, the Lord may sometimes, and indeed often does, withhold from the wicked the punishment which their sins deserve. The world is little conscious of the obligations under which it lies to the faith and the godliness, on which it often pours the sarcasm and scorn of a thorough dislike.

Yet these are, in very truth, the salt of the earth, preserving it from the destruction which its ungodliness would otherwise bring down; so that, in the main, these ungodly Jews were right in supposing that, because of the few who love and serve him, God stays his avenging hand, where wickedness seems to carry it with a lofty forehead and a daring presumption. God does not lose sight of his own people, or involve them in calamities which only the ungodly deserve; they are precious in his sight, and he will make all things work together for their good. What is a judgment on others, may be made a blessing to the Christian. Calamities and troubles may fall alike on both, and to all outward seeming there may be no difference; but, in truth, there is a very wide difference. To the one, the calamity may be unmixed evil; to the other, unmixed good. Thus God met the perverse reasoning of the Jews: "When the land sinneth against me by trespassing grievously, and I send my judgment upon it, whether the sword, the famine, the noisome beast, or the pestilence; though Noah, Daniel, and Job were in it, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness." The desolating vengeance which their godlessness had no longer the power to avert would be as a messenger from heaven. Come what will, they are safe; that is, not of necessity from the outward calamity, but safe from the everlasting vengeance, of which to the wicked the outward calamity was as the shadow cast before. The trial shall be the means of spiritual good; and even death itself, which is to the ungodly the winding-up of opportunity, and the closing of every door of hope, shall be to the believer the herald and harbinger of eternal peace.

2. Another false notion prevailed. The Jews excused themselves in their sins, by pleading that they were not responsible for their conduct. It was their misfortune, not their fault. There was a current proverb, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," and they used it in extenuation of their wickedness. The sour grapes, which their fathers had eaten, had

affected their children also. Why, then, should God call them to account for what they could not avoid? Had he not said he would visit the sins of the fathers upon the children? How, then, could he justly make them responsible for what was beyond their control? Here, again, they had taken hold of a great principle in the Divine dealings, but had made an altogether wrong use of it. It is quite true that, in enunciating from amid the awful solemnities of Sinai the terrible consequences of evil, God declared that it should bring judgment, not only on the head of him that is guilty of it, but also on his children and children's children. From the beginning of the world God has been doing this. We see in it the sorrow and death that makes the world what it is—we see in it the curse which hangs over Africa; in the scattering of the Jews; in the wretchedness and misery that fill the home of the drunkard and the profligate, and bring their children to want and crime. What are these but instances of the fathers eating sour grapes, and the children's teeth being, in consequence, set on edge? This is just the ordinary procedure of Providence. So far, the Jews were right; but when they concluded from this that they were not answerable for their own sins, they were altogether wrong. The father's vicious conduct and the mother's ungodly example, no doubt, act fearfully on their children. The neglect of the high concerns of the soul; the absence of cheerful and regular attendance on public worship; the banishment of religion from the family circle; the lax or irreligious observance of the Lord's-day; the open sin, the ready oath—these, and other like things, do affect the child. They are seeds of evil, which may bear a rank harvest of ungodliness long after the parent has gone to his great account. There are mysteries in the Divine dealings which we cannot search out. Man is bound up with his fellow-man; the parent and child are fastened together by ties of such indissoluble strength, that the acts of the one cannot fail to tell on the other, and affect his spiritual and eternal condition. Nevertheless, it is only when the child adopts the parent's sin, and makes it his own, that it becomes to him the cause of everlasting damnation. If he repudiate the evil example, and turn to God for teaching and grace, sorrows may indeed strew his path, as the result of the parent's ungodliness and bad example, yet he shall save his soul alive.

This is the meaning of the second text. God declares that the soul that sinneth shall die. "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, nor the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." Every one, that is, shall be answerable for his own conduct. It is thus that God met the excuses of the Jews, and repudiated the imputations which

they cast on his righteous procedure. They endeavoured to shield themselves from merited punishment—in the one case, beneath the piety of the godly, and in the other, beneath the misconduct and sins of their fathers. God meets them, in the first instance, with the assurance that in the day of his judgment, the godly should save but their own souls by their faith and obedience; and in the second, by the warning that each soul should bear its own burden of sin, and answer but for its own guiltiness and disobedience.

The great lesson, then, which both chapters teach us is *our individual responsibility*. By this I mean that there can be no such thing as the transfer of piety or the transfer of sin. Every one of us must stand or fall in the great day by our own acts—stand, if a believer, through our own faith in Christ; fall, if ungodly and careless, through our own negligence and sin. The faith of another will not stand in the stead of your own faith, nor will the sin of another condemn you if you have disengaged it, or be any excuse for you if you make it your own. You cannot be saved by proxy. There is a point beyond which neither a mother's prayers nor a father's example are availng. Great the disadvantage of parental neglect, but it cannot shield its victim from his own merited punishment. The father who, by the influence of his character and habits, has encouraged his child in the neglect of God, or the profession of a religion which is unproductive of godliness, shall answer to God for what he hath done; and, depend upon it, the reckoning will be a terrible one. But the child himself, if he die in his sin, shall not, therefore, escape. His sin may not be so great, nor his punishment so aggravated, as that of the child who spurned the counsels of a godly father, but he will have sin to answer for, and punishment of his own to bear. Away with the thought, that the responsibility either of salvation or of ruin can be shifted on to others! "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "They shall deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness." Parents, lofty though they be among the ranks of the redeemed in glory, can do nothing at the last for their unsaved child. The friend who counselled you, the minister who entreated you, cannot then make up for the absence of your own repentance, and love, and faith. There is no more lonely place in the universe than the tribunal of God. It is lonely, even though crowds throng it; and there must the unsaved one stand, isolated and alone, to meet the awful scrutiny of the Eye which nothing can escape. Others may have set him the example of evil, but others cannot bear his punishment. Every man must bear his own burden. Salvation must be an individual work. Your own knees must bend in prayer; your own heart must be broken and contrite into repentance; your own

hand must take hold of the Redeemer with the sure grasp of an earnest faith; your own spirit must yield to the converting power of the Holy Ghost; and your own soul must kindle into love to God. To have been surrounded by all that is evil, will not shield you from wrath if you have loved instead of resisted it—to have been surrounded by all that is godly, will but make surer your condemnation if you have been insensible to its influence. “Work out, then, your own salvation with fear and trembling”—not a hopeless or impossible task—“for

it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure.” Though you have often mingled in the crowd, and cried unto God, “Have mercy upon us!” yet this can avail you little, unless you also know what it is to single yourself out, and in the secrecy and solitariness of your own heart to pray, “Against thee have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight;” “God be merciful to me a sinner!” and, in the diligent obedience and earnest piety of your own life, laboured heartily to prove yourself a disciple of the Lord Jesus. R. A.

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE GENTLE LIFE.”

I.—THE PAWBROKER'S WINDOW.

ANY one might have seen in that wonderful literary organ, the *Pawnbrokers' Gazette*, an advertisement—in large type, very wide and waddling, and pressed half through the paper, as if the machine had determined to make it go far enough—an advertisement to the effect that a “young man” was required to “dress” me.

Some windows into which the reader will be requested to peep are quite undressed: bare and grim, even unto tears, is the workhouse window; oftentimes not less so is the cottage window; and lonely and dull, with its naked bars, is the prison window. These are but dull eyes of houses, out of which the light of life has long gone, faded, *evasit*—“Y vanished was the sight, he wist not where”—gone with the joys of last summer, and even the cold, frosty glories of our Christmas-tide. But other windows are dressed gaily, it may be, with flowers outside, and rare and rich hangings within; nay, oftentimes, in the West-end, with cunningly-disposed yellow panes of glass, so that one always has a yellow, mellow light—a sunset glory in the room—just as the tomb of Sir Nicholas Bourgeois, at Dulwich, has above it this simulated sunshine, which sheds down a soft and theatrical glory upon the dead knight's tomb; and there he and his lady lie, under an artificial and artistic colouring, with a perpetual and unreal sunshine upon their coffins, and the eternally young pictures and images of men and scenes, long passed away, around them in that quiet picture gallery.

No such “dressing” has the pawnbroker's window. The person who does this—an active young fellow, in a black, shiny apron, new tweed trousers, and short Wellington boots—is an artist in his own way. I don't know whether he be so in any one else's way; I am inclined to think not. But he has an eye to setting me out—to making me, the window, a perfect trap, to catch the wandering gaze of those who pass me by—to ask

them, as plaintively, enticingly, and as plainly as a dumb thing can speak, to walk into my parlour, and to therein deposit, on a mahogany counter kept for the purpose, sundry coins, in exchange for sundry of the necessities or fineries of life.

This young man, who understands the art of dressing a pawnbroker's window, is a young fellow of infinite knowledge. He has not graduated at Cambridge, nor has he even matriculated at King's College, or even at Durham, nor St. Bee's. He is not a dab at humanities, and would be hard put to it to go through his “mods;” but he knows a thing or two. He can tell you the price of your meerschaum pipe, and Mr. Jones, of Fig-tree Court, Temple, the exact value of his stuff gown and his wig. Mr. Banns, the curate, had a silver coffee-pot presented to him, with a purse of (five) sovereigns, and an altar-book; the young man will value them all; he will weigh the pot, examine the hall-mark, calculate the weight, charge for the make, and put it “all at per oz.” Even the purse, emptied of the sovereigns, he will assay; or the book—well, of that, “more anon,” as they say in the legitimate drama. Just as he is depositing, on my right side, a pair of one's grandmother's long drop, coral earrings—which he tickets, and with complete truth, such is the whirligig of time—“Very select, the newest fashion”—a carpenter passes, with a basket of tools on his back. From the gouge to the plane, the biggest saw to the smallest gimlet, our young man will tell you the value; he will even look at them with the eye of one who could use them, if he liked, only he does not like; and tell whether they are made by Buck, or merely Sheffield imitations. So he can pronounce on a piano by Broadwood—save that he seldom sees one; or, at a glance, too, one of those outside instruments, which are made on purpose for widow ladies to dispose of by advertisement. As for your watches, chains, and brooches, of course, the young man knows all about them. Whether that successor of your grandfather's turnip which ticks in your pocket be by

Arnold, or Dent, Foster, Frodsham, Roskell, Badollet, Bertie, Dubois, French, or Benson, the young fellow can tell you; from a kitchen clock to a ship's chronometer, he will not be far wrong. His description of these things is graphic and amusing. He tickets one as "A superior lady's gold lever watch;" and he adds, in red characters, "Going fusee;" while at the bottom of the card, in stumpy letters, firm as a rock, is the word—**WARRANTED**. Why so, how, for what, is a mystery not explained by the man who dresses me up. But it is a comfort to know that I am warranted; and also to hear that the "Blue gentleman's Spanish cloak," which hangs in the doorway, is by Poole; and that the "Silver-fitted gentleman's dressing-case" is by Mechi.

If we pass to other valuables, a profusion of which my young man adorns me out with, he is equally at home. He puts down in my very centre a red velvet porcupine, stuck over with innumerable scarf-pins. There you have the plain onyx, the flashing diamond, the emerald, opal, topaz, ruby, sapphire, turquoise, or carbuncle. Carbuncles glowing like the eye of a wild animal, flashing red blots of light in the morning sun, are the favourites, not only of the pawnbroker, but of the public. They are very cheap, and make a grand show for the money. But our young man, turning his keen eye on one side, and then running out into the street to see how matters look, goes on scattering his valuables and his trinkets in the most advantageous way over my broad space. Here you have waiters, tea and coffee services, cups, mugs, tankards, tea-caddies, mustard-pots, and cruet-frames; spoons, forks, and ladels, punch-ladels for jolly old boys, and pap-boats for the jolly young ones. Indicative of what we may all come to, is a vellum-bound marriage service, resting cosily in a pap-boat, and the cunning young fellow has ticketed the book, "Chaste and delicate present." Not far from this vision of holiness and purity is a heathen deity, no less than Cupid himself, who is wheeling a little barrow which the young man has filled full of wedding-rings. Ah! me; if you were to stay looking at that window, looking it through and through for an hour, you could not picture to yourselves the various scenes those wedding-rings will go through. How some are made to circle hands which shower blessings, some others which are clenched in the fierce agony which calls down a curse. There are two objects which always make me meditative and sad whenever I pass them, or I should say whenever I pass one of them or the other passes me, and they are a train of schoolgirls and a tray of wedding-rings. Ah! young ladies, young ladies, one had need bring you up with chastened hearts and disciplined minds. What a wide sweep of fate may yours be! Born in a kitchen of a cottage, or in the tent of a soldier, you may aspire to a throne by the magic

aid of this golden circle, or by its terrible agency you—reared in happiness and innocence, lapped in luxury, and dandled in the arms of fortune; you, upon whom a pious father's eyes have shed the light of blessing, and for whom a mother's lips have daily and nightly put up fondest prayers—may be plunged and dragged in the very kennel itself.

I declare that my young man is just pulling out a dandy lot of vinaigrettes, scent-bottles, opera-glasses, and pearl and filagree card-cases. There is a mounted meerschaum pipe, a few sets of brilliant studs, and a dozen pairs of sleeve-links; a gold Masonic order, and behind it a white kid apron trimmed with blue. Plenty of life in the window, plenty of life. There is a notice here that our friend has a few dozen of fine brown East India sherry to dispose of, some harps, violins, concertinas, bronzes, surgical instruments, and a costly electrical apparatus. He can let you see, if you choose, a gallery of fine paintings by his favourite masters, for our universal student has his favourites—Cuyp, Wouvermans, Rysdael, Vernet, Moreland, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Armfield. Mr. Armfield's celebrated, eager-eyed, sporting "tARRIER"—which coupled with his own brother of a different colour, is nearly strangling himself round a post in search of a rat—tail visible in the distance, rat escaping through a hole—is well known to the public. Then we have now and then, in West-End windows, a Watteau, a Schalchan, a Peterneefs, and especially the great moonlight scenes of Petter. Nor alone with such appendages and decorations of life is my window dressed. Behind the Cupid, to the right, hangs a bundle of second-hand mourning-rings of all periods and patterns. Death jostles life. Some fast young man has deposited a gold pin of a death's head and cross bones. Not fast enough, poor soul to escape the pawnbrokers, as, indeed, since the middle of the fifteenth century, when the good Bishop of Winchester, to relieve the poor, first established the system of taking pledges, few fast young men have been able to do. But there are other signs of death: there is the picture of the bride, sold surely when both she and the love she held was gone and dead; and there, in a golden locket, is a baby's face, soft, radiant, and laughing, and at the back of this locket is a little ring of soft golden hair, hair with life and sunshine on it still. Inside this is engraved, "Darling Charlie." There is so fresh a look about this *souvenir*, that the love which it commemorates should be fresh, too. How came it here? Are we so soon forgotten, then, when we die? Does even a mother's heart grow cold and oblivious? Hopefully, we must answer, No. In my window there is seen more of tragedy than comedy. It must have been death, death of want, or death of life, that made the mother part from this dear pledge.

THE CAPTAIN.

MY wife and child they pray for me
When the seas are white with foam;
On the dreadful deep their forms I see,
That are bowed for me at home.
When the storm is loud, and above the cloud
Glow like a fiery dome.

I sometimes think that I can hear
Their voices in the blast,
And turn to see that vision, dear
To me o'er all the past.
'Tis but the sail torn in the gale,
And the storm-bird, white and ghast.

Hark! how the thunder treads the air!
Methinks our doom is said;
Yet life with those was wondrous fair;
And cold are the ocean dead.
What cheer, my men? shall we look again
On the Downs, or Beechy Head?

My gallant hearts are true as steel,
My ship is stout and strong;
And not a thing, from top to keel,
Would play me false or wrong:
But the cruel wave is shroud and grave
To many a goodly throng.

Must it be so? Why, then, farewell;
O for one parting kiss
On those young lips that faintly spell
A prayer for such as this!
Methinks 'twould lift from the briny drift
To the highest soul in bliss.

Farewell, good crew and gallant ship;
You wave shall wash us down.
Death, thou art cold to the throat and lip,
And blood is on thy crown.
True eyes! dear eyes! you star the skies!
What care I though I drown?

W.

A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR OWN CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

CHAPTER V.
INTO SAVOY.

LOUGHT to have concluded my last chapter by saying that, before leaving Paris, our party were assembled at our hotel for the purpose of taking counsel as to the advanced stages of our journey. Some of us were about to proceed in anticipation of the main body, breaking the journey at Chambery. I was one of these. Directions were given as to times of starting and places of rendezvous, and we all agreed to meet for general tryst at Turin, there to take further and final counsel respecting the Italian part of the expedition. At this general council of Paris, we duly noted the detailed arrangements; and only one difficulty seemed to loom in the distance, but that was an all-important one—appertaining to nothing less than the essential matter of our accommodation at Rome during Easter week. It was reported to us that the arrangements for Rome had well-nigh broken down *in toto*, and that fresh efforts would have to be made in advance of our arrival. The parties we had depended upon had been overwhelmed by the multitude of expectant visitors, and matters looked dark and unpromising enough, I assure you. Still, Rome was yet three weeks off, and we felt we could somehow overcome the difficulty within that space of time.

The Lyons Railway Station is a busy, bustling,

nervous sort of a place, especially when the night express train is being made up and started. All one's efforts to be in good time are rendered useless by the "lock-in" system, which I have already noticed as prevailing on the continental railways. There you are pent up, pressing your nose against the glass door, with the provoking sight of empty carriages, in one of which you might be ensconcing yourself and making yourself up for the night, if the authorities would only let you. But only time can release you, and this at the fag end of its own tether; for, when the door is at last opened, there remain but a few minutes to settle down, and a sharp and active competition rages for places. Of course, under the circumstances of night-travel, the fewer fellow-travellers you have, the better. But on this occasion nearly all the carriages were at once fully occupied. The only instance of selfishness, amounting almost to rudeness, I have observed here was on the part of three Englishmen, who had taken possession of a whole compartment; and when three of our party—a gentleman, his wife, and a lady friend—attempted to enter, they were informed by the said three gentlemen that they were about to occupy their time with smoking; and I was sorry to observe that by this threat they deterred the party from entering. I thought that these gentlemen would scarcely dare to venture on such an expedient in England.



Drawn by A. E. HOUGHTON.]

[Engraved by W. L. THOMAS.

"Yon wave shall wash us down." — p. 584.

If any of my readers desire to know the particulars of the way and the character of the country between Paris and Savoy, I fear I cannot meet their wishes. I was travelling by superficial measure, simply going over so much ground at every stage, but observing nothing. Travelling in the dark would be enough to check the powers of the most observant mind. All I can say is, that we stopped at Melun, Montereau, Sens, Laroche, Tonnerre, Dijon, &c., for particulars of which please see the guide books.

Dawn of day disclosed the position of affairs to be as follows:—We were passing through a mountainous country, magnificently grand; a drifting sleet was falling, and snow was thick upon the upper heights. This was a pass—a valley enclosed on either side by towering hills. In the indistinctness of the early light, the mountains assumed all sorts of grotesque forms and shapes—here vast stones and huge, gigantic rocks, once loosened from the parent hills, and now embedded in the lower soil, reminding one of the wild and irregular characteristics of the lovely Pass of Llanberis, in North Wales; farther on, we passed through the waters of a lake, with crumbled marl down to the very water's edge. We went slowly through the pass, as slow sometimes as walking-pace. Was it that we feared to wake the echoes of the hills thus early? or that we still more feared disturbing some of those vast dislocated masses of rock from their sleeping beds, to emulate the fury of the falling avalanche? It was neither of these; but just this, we were climbing the ascent of the incipient Alps, the northern spurs of this mighty mountain range. I observed descending from the heights many of those "silvery threads" that add so much to the interest of such scenery—the mountain streams descending by the mountain gorges and over cataracts and waterfalls. Passing the village of Saint-Rambert, its fine bold hill commands the eye, surmounted by the majestic statue—whether of the saint himself or of the Virgin Mother, I know not—with arms extended as in the act of blessing all the land. I now observe we are passing through the vine-growing country, with its vineyards in the early stages of cultivation for the next wine-season; and the name of Rousillon on one of the stations suggests something in that direction of thought. At about 8.30 a.m. we have arrived at Culoz, the junction for Geneva; but I am at present bound for Chambéry. We have now more snow on the mountain-tops, but we have thick bunches of primrose in the valley at our feet. It is a struggle between cold and heat, summer and winter, and the spring-time is putting forth its incipient glories. The Lac du Bourget extends for full ten miles of our course, and the railway follows its margin faithfully. The snow-hills are reflected in the mirror of the bright waters; I have

never before seen so clear and accurate a reproduction as this—the everlasting hills turned upside down, standing out of the water and in the water. As we leave the lake behind us, we work by a zig-zag line right up to Chambéry, where I find myself about eleven o'clock a.m.

Chambéry is the capital of ancient Savoy. It formerly belonged to Piedmont and the Kingdom of Sardinia; but is now annexed to France. Apart from state reasons, it does seem more natural that Savoy, if not wholly independent, should belong to France. The lofty barrier of the Alps seems to decide the question on the plea of nature and necessity. A kingdom divided between itself by such a mountain range could hardly do justice to both sides of its dominion; and it would seem that Savoy has suffered—Chambéry certainly has—by reason of its position relatively to its former government. Chambéry is a worn-out, weather-beaten, almost grass-grown little town; but it is lovely and interesting withal, and cannot well be otherwise, for it is "beautiful for situation." Alps on every side, like a snowy cordon, enclose the fair little ville; the highest peak of the range being surmounted by a cross. As I looked out from the open window of my chamber, and beheld the not distant hills of snow, and yet, for all this, felt the warm glow of early summer heat, I thought how strange it is that a climate can be so fickle and so variable within a space of a few given miles. The town is seen almost at a glance, and may be "done" within a couple of hours; but I enjoyed the spending of a whole day there. A curious work of art stands in the Place de l'Ans—a fountain, consisting of the forms of four huge elephants, spouting water from their trunks into a trough. This fountain was erected in honour of a benevolent citizen of Chambéry, Benedict de Boigne, who spent much of his life among the Mahratta Indians, and by his unheard-of beneficence (*inauditis largitionibus*) earned a goodly fame for himself and his birth-place. The Prefecture is a plain building, so far as its modern part is concerned; but the ancient castle, to which it is attached, is a noble pile, containing a *sainte chapelle*, and many associations of interest. The church of the town seems to be specially devoted to St. Joseph, and contains at least one good painting. A Calvary is erected on one of the lower ridges of the mountain range, and is reached by passing through the fourteen "Stations of the Cross," placed at intervals along the ascent. A liberal "indulgence" is offered to those who "with a devout mind" visit this mark of their devotion. My day's sojourn at Chambéry was further useful to me, giving me an opportunity for writing letters to home and friends, and preparing also a portion of this narrative of my pilgrimage for the readers of THE QUIVER.

From Chambéry to St. Michel is a romantic run

of about two hours and a half through a mountainous country, with vine and walnut trees growing on the terraced heights, already giving earnest of the coming vintage. The railway winds through a delightful landscape; the morning rains have ceased; the Alps are coming more and more to view; the snowy heights are more and more visible; the main party are more and more hungry, with last night's appetite, and this morning's also, to satisfy. If all the farmyard stock at St. Michel is not placed under contribution for the necessities of these our friends, we had better never have attempted the journey at all. The night voyagers are sans food, sans water, sans comfort, sans everything! At length, faint and weary with travel and hunger, the party alights at the threshold of the Alpine ladder. We are to begin to climb, and mount, and "perform the ascent" at three o'clock in the afternoon; and everything looks like a promise of something worth knowing and learning by experience. The whole scene is strange and exciting; and—but what about refreshment for the party in satisfaction of long abstinence, and in anticipation of the next and most difficult stage of the journey? Most fortunately for all concerned, an additional supply had been provided in the *buffet* of St. Michel. I need hardly say "we walked into it." Our appetites were sharper than

the knives. Very nearly one hundred travellers were that day entertained at the terminus refreshment room. It was in itself a curious scene—"war to the knife." It made me feel somehow that one great result of this holiday tour will be to advance us to a very primitive state of living—teaching us the lesson of early rising, by not going to bed at all, and proving the fact to be too true that fingers and hands were made before knives and forks! Surely it will be not altogether for nothing that we have adventured this journey, if such should be the educational results arising therefrom!

Meanwhile, take a view of the preparation for the ascent of Mont Cenis. There are the huge and unwieldy diligences lying in state in the coach-yard; masses of luggage are piled as miniature Alps one upon another; mules and muleteers, grooms and railway porters, passengers of all sizes and of many nations are rushing hither and thither, to and fro; and all things are being made ready for a real journey up into the clouds and into the snow—"Excelsior!" We are to start at three o'clock, and if we don't turn the top of the hill by midnight, and descend as fast as we can, we shall miss the train at Susa for Turin. So, farewell for the present; when I mount a little higher, I will tell you more.

(*To be continued.*)

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

MY FIRST UNTRUTH, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

PART II.

DO one suspected me of knowing anything about the origin of the fire.

"Yes," my uncle was saying to my aunt, as I entered the dining-room for our early dinner; "I have questioned everybody, and there can be no doubt but that Joe is the cause of all this loss and trouble. He was seen at five o'clock, with a candle-end and some matches in his hand, going towards the granary across the yard. He confesses himself that he went up into the hay-loft, but he declares he put the candle into a lantern. That I do not believe, however, for he is a careless lad, and none of the other men have been near the loft."

"Have you turned him off, uncle?" I asked, and my heart beat so fast, so loud as I thought, that it seemed as if they must hear it.

"Certainly," said my uncle. "Are you aware of any fact that will excuse him?"

Something in my uncle's face made me imagine he suspected me, and on the spur of the moment I answered, "No; I am not."

Bitterly, bitterly I repented those words. Poor Joe came that evening to bid me good-bye, and thank me for all the kindness I had shown him, and every grateful word the honest, unsuspecting lad spoke was like a knife-thrust. I felt humbled to the dust before honest Joe.

"Tis hard to lose my place, sir," he said, "mostly for mother's sake, she being so poor, but it's harder to be suspected of telling a lie. They say I took a loose candle into the hay-loft, sir, and no one will believe me, however I deny it."

"I believe you, Joe," said I, earnestly.

"Thank you, Master Harry;" and the poor boy turned away, unable to speak. I was determined, as I spoke to him, that I would go at once to my uncle, and tell the whole truth, and clear Joe's good name. I started with this intention for the parlour, where my uncle and aunt were sitting. They were alone, and I opened the subject at once.

"Uncle James," I said, with the colour rushing hotly to my cheeks, "I have come to speak to you about poor Joe."

"Not a word!" said my uncle, sternly; "I will not listen to a word in his excuse. Joe is a bad boy. A liar is as bad as a thief."

My courage failed me while my uncle spoke, and my task grew harder and harder; but when he uttered the last words—"A liar is as bad as a thief," I felt it to be impossible I should so accuse myself; the evil spirit gained full mastery of my heart again, and I left the room without speaking.

My holidays came—six weeks long, from the first of September, and I had been looking forward to them for months, as to days that were to be the happiest I had ever spent. I was to ride a new horse of my uncle's; I was to go shooting with my uncle; what was I not to do? But when the days came that were to have been so happy, they were sad and weary ones to me, with the weight of my sad secret lying like lead on my heart.

"What's come over the boy?" my uncle would say to my aunt, or she to him; but none guessed.

I was startled one day, by hearing that Joe's mother was ill, and still more by being told by my aunt to go and see if the poor woman wanted help.

"It's fretting is the matter with me, Master Harry," said the poor woman, as I stood by her bed-side. "I've never been myself since Joe was turned off the farm. He has never had any regular work since, for the farmers about can't trust him, they say, and he's breaking his heart, my poor lad."

The woman's pale face touched my heart, and the thought of honest Joe distrusted and out of work, and "breaking his heart," poor fellow, all through my wickedness, overcame me. I darted from the room, and ran across the fields.

"Uncle, may I come in?" I said, tapping at his study door; and in that moment I prayed, more earnestly than I had ever prayed before, that God would give me grace and strength to speak the truth boldly. Oh, that I had done this at first! I should then never have fallen so low.

"What?" said my uncle, in amazement, "you did it? you burnt the buildings?"

"Yes, uncle. I have been base and cowardly, and worse 'than a thief,' to let the blame rest on an innocent head."

"May God forgive you, Harry! I must send for the poor lad at once."

"Let me go;" and I went.

"Can you forgive me, Joe?" I asked the lad I had so deeply injured.

"Forgive you, sir! why, our Saviour tells us to forgive our enemies, and you're my friend, Master Harry, aren't you?"

"I am not worthy to be your friend, but I will try to be as generous and forgiving as you are."

"There is a better One to copy than poor me, sir," he said, and I know whom Joe meant.

VIOLET.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.

VIOLET came in the April days,
When the rainbow arched the golden
rain;
And the sun sent down his searching rays,
The bloom of earth to revive again.

Violet lay in a sunlit bank:

Upward she sprang to meet the light;
But the brake and nettle and dockweed rank
Half hid the flow'r from the children's sight.

Violet shrank from the glow and glare—

Modesty's self not more retiring—

Happier there to perfume the air,

Than if to the front and top aspiring.

Violet gatherers passed that way,

Violet's fragrance blest their sense;
They plucked the flower: "How sweet!" said they,
"To Margaret's room we'll bear it hence."

Violet's bloom they carried away,

Far from the dewy path and bank;
Into the city dull and grey,
And into an alley with fever dank:

Violet brought they into a room,

Where on a pallet a sick girl lay:

The dying one smiled as she saw the bloom,
And her breath with its perfume passed away.

¶

KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER X.

BOASTS AND PLANS.

MRS. TREGABBIT'S cry of "Police!" only startled the echoes, without conveying any definite cause of alarm, if in the distance it had fallen on French ears. Kate clung to her as she ran. One effect was produced—the two persons, whose grief and violence had startled them, were evidently alarmed.

Before the two ladies found any path by which to

descend towards the town, they saw two persons running away in opposite directions—one, apparently a tall man, over an open field; the other, a smaller form, glided through a broken fence, and was lost amid the out-buildings of a farmhouse that abutted on the ramparts. The flight of the two was so far conclusive that no harm could come from them, that Mrs. Tregabbit did not repeat her call; indeed, at the pace she was then going she had no breath to spare. A speed that the tall and slender Kate could attain with ease was most embarrassing to her, and in their panic they had both forgotten

the only language by which they could make themselves understood by any peasant, if they had chanced to meet one. But they were not so fortunate; and, after making a far longer circuit than if they had known the way, or been less frightened, they chanced on a path that led them through a gate into the town, and were right glad when they found themselves secure in the shelter of their hotel, with no greater misfortune than heat and palpitation as the result of their adventure.

If they had given themselves time calmly to reflect, there was nothing so very surprising, in a frontier town, where, sometimes, English residents of a very questionable character were found, to hear at night two people quarrelling and fighting. Such brutal violence as the man shewed to his companion was certainly frightful and odious, yet newspapers, even in England, did sometimes convey tidings of such doings to ears polite. Somehow, if it were a mere brawl, neither Mrs. Tregabbit nor Miss Ormond could dismiss the circumstance from their recollection. Every word lingered as if stereotyped on their minds.

"He was certainly her husband," said Mrs. Tregabbit, expressing a very low estimate of the matrimonial state, "or he never would have dared to ill-treat her so."

"He could not be!" exclaimed Kate.

"Did you hear the blow?"

"The ruffian! I wish he had been taken. He did not speak like an uneducated man. The tone and accent of the wretch were like the voice of a gentleman."

"Plenty of swindlers, my dear, come over here, you may depend—swindlers and murderers. Oh, dear me, we've had a wonderful escape!"

Then, as she reflected on the matter, it occurred to her to glorify herself a little as to the way in which she had put the man to flight. Involuntary as her call for the police had been, she thought it right to make a merit of it.

"If I had not called out, dear Kate, as I did, there'd have been murder. The monster would have murdered that miserable wife of his, and then, no doubt, he'd have come over the wall and robbed and murdered us."

As some things increase in proportion to their being thought of and talked about, so this incident assumed a more horrific aspect as they recalled it; and both ladies agreed that next day they would make their excursion to Boulogne, and thence get back, without delay, to Folkestone.

"I don't like the place at all—it's not a bit like Paris," murmured Mrs. Tregabbit.

"I'm sorry for one thing, *chère mère*."

"What's that, my duck?" Mrs. Tregabbit, when in a good humour, was fond of pet phrases; and having such an adventure to relate on her return home quite restored her spirits. "What's my Katy sorry for?"

"Leaving that poor little trembler here—that Edina Smith."

"Well, now, if you really did wish it, I do think Mr. Graspington would like, of all things, to let her come to you as a kind of companion, and to do needlework, you know, and fancy things, and make herself useful."

"What! Mr. Graspington put his granddaughter out as a humble companion! Is not he rich?"

"Rich as Creursaut—no, that's for toothache—what's his name?—Creases."

Whenever Mrs. Tregabbit got beyond her depth, by attempting classic similes, notwithstanding her adroitness, she floundered about a little.

"Well, then," said Kate, quickly, with instinctive good breeding, wishing to cover her friend's curious classical allusion as soon as possible—"well, then, why does he want to put her in any such situation?"

"Oh, she's never to have one farthing of his money. He's brought her up to be a governess, as soon as she can be placed out. Kizzy—that's Mrs. Keziah Crabbe, his cousin and housekeeper—told me so. That man is like a rock—there's no moving him. He's granite."

Now, however capital granite may be in itself, it is not admirable as a substitute for the human heart, and Kate felt a sort of awe of this granite man, which was, however, greatly modified by the remembrance of her father's respect for him, and by the instinctive admiration of strength, which is natural to some feminine minds, who feel instinctively the force of contrast.

"He must have been greatly outraged by his undutiful daughter."

"Oh, no doubt he was," assented Mrs. Tregabbit, with the ready decision that shifts the blame on the weaker.

The interview which Mrs. Tregabbit had obtained with Edina Smith, while it confirmed her in the belief that she had seen a poor, spiritless specimen of humanity, removed all fear that, by introducing a descendant of Mr. Graspington's, she should have any interference with her authority or any spy on her actions. Neither result was for a moment to be thought of with that blushing, trembling creature, with the hare-like look in her large eyes. Mrs. Tregabbit's chief fear was that the strange fancy Miss Ormond had taken for the girl would be as fleeting as it was, to her thinking, unaccountable. Accustomed to have whims of her own that her perversity warmed into ephemeral life, and that perished at the first change of temper or temperament, she concluded—for, do we not all reason from ourselves?—that Kate's sudden liking was a caprice. The only thing that re-assured her was the fact that Miss Ormond had an indolence of manner, if not character, that made her dependent, in little things, on those about her. Any one willing to take small troubles off Kate Ormond's shoulders would obtain and retain influence over her. She was apt to become absorbed in books or in favourite studies: no one more diligent in these; few more impatient of interruption and "the worries," as Kate called them, of daily life. If this stupid girl made herself useful, and retained her place in the heiress's consideration, she would be a very suitable companion—relieve without thwarting Mrs. Tregabbit.

CHAPTER XI.

LOITERERS.

THE next morning, before Miss Ormond had left her chamber, Mrs. Tregabbit had written a few lines to her coadjutor, telling him of the little trip they had made, and without asserting so much, as leading him to infer,

that her motive had been one of kindness to visit his granddaughter. "You know," she wrote, "that I am, in one thing, very like you: I must have my own way. However, this I may say, my dear Miss Ormond has quite taken to this girl. I confess I don't think a French education has done much for either her mind or manners. But she's very meek; and that's a quality which I, for my part, did not expect in her: it will serve her in the place of greater talents, both with me and Miss Ormond."

This letter was finished and dispatched to the post before Kate, who had not slept well, slowly entered the room, and was welcomed with the words—

"Ah! I see, the sooner we get away from here the better. We shall enjoy Boulogne."

"Had we not better return at once?" said Kate, languidly shrinking, in her momentary depression, from any prolonged wanderings.

"No, no; we will not return with only the recollection of this stupid place; we'll just have a peep at something better. Boulogne is the Brighton of France—a very poor Brighton, certainly; but so it's called."

"Oh, is it a noisy place?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Could we not take that poor Edina? Her yearning eyes, somehow, haunt me."

"Not possible, my dear. You know, Madame Le Blanc only consented to her coming to dine on my showing her one of Mr. Graspington's letters. To give these French schools their due, they keep fast hold of their charge. She would not be allowed, without a special letter from her grandfather, to accompany us away from Guines. Besides, there's no need; if you want her, I'll undertake you shall have her, soon enough, in England. I've written, this morning, to Mr. Graspington, about yesterday, and told him, my love, how we differed, almost to wrangling, about the stupid little creature."

"Now, you never called her stupid to him, surely, when he already does not like her!" exclaimed Kate, roused at once. But her companion, with a laugh, came to her side, and, patting her shoulder, said—

"No, no; I only said that I should think most girls stupid by the side of my darling Kate—or words to that effect; I can't exactly recollect."

"I should think, *chère mère*, you always had some trouble in remembering what you say," rejoined Kate, more archly than was her wont.

"Oh, my memory takes it down in shorthand, no doubt; and if I hadn't kept my tongue like a good razor, sharp by use, how should I ever have fought my battle in life, child? Your dear papa used to say that I amused him by my conversational powers. Ah! he was a man of a thousand for discernment."

Kate did not pursue the conversation: her father's name, as yet, gave her a pang. She wondered at the difference between herself and Mrs. Tregabbit, of whom she was becoming really fond, though a little troubled now and then by a sense of her oppressiveness.

The day was fine, and they made their four hours' drive to Boulogne, through Marquise, in tranquil enjoyment of the weather—Kate, it must be owned, deep in the perusal of a volume that she had made a pocket com-

panion, and Mrs. Tregabbit, when not talking, recruiting her energies by slumber.

On arriving, Kate did not care to go to the sea; she was, for the first time since leaving Folkestone, really interested in the town and the commanding old ramparts. Mrs. Tregabbit could scarcely get her away to dinner; and when they had taken a drive down the main street and along the margin of the harbour, at Kate's entreaty they returned to the ancient citadel, and saw the moon rise, as they sat under the trees that here and there shelter the benches.

While they were thus seated, and as the moonlight began to increase, they were accosted by a poor woman with a basket on her arm. She came near with a timid step, and, putting her hand into her basket, offered them some lace for sale.

At the word "lace" Mrs. Tregabbit's interest was immediately aroused, though Kate whispered, "It's no use, as we are in mourning."

"Oh, my dear—Valenciennes! It's always useful—always; and we can get it a bargain. I shall offer her just half what she asks."

"Combien?" began Mrs. Tregabbit. But her French was rather of the order transcendental, and the woman spoke at once in English, in a very indistinct voice, as if she had lost her teeth; indeed, her face was tied up with a large handkerchief, and the pretty white cap which distinguishes the French woman of humble life, was exchanged for a nondescript sort of wrap, combining turban, hood, and veil. But Mrs. Tregabbit was too intent on examining the lace, and making a cheap purchase, to take any notice of the woman, or she might have, perchance, recognised the person who pressed against her in the little English church at Guines.

"My dear, do look!" whispered Mrs. Tregabbit, impatiently; "my eyes don't quite serve me. Isn't this a wonderfully cheap lace? I've given, in England, five shillings a yard for some not a bit wider, and she only asks four francs; and I do think I can get it for two."

"I'm no judge of lace," said Kate, turning away her head, and sitting back in the corner of the bench, annoyed.

"But, see the width!"

"I see nothing, *chère mère*, but the moon, just now; look at that, and leave the lace; or pay for it, and send her away."

Mrs. Tregabbit concluded her bargain by buying the woman's small stock at half what she had asked. Not a little exulting in her talents, and secretly pitying Kate for being "moonstruck," the clever bargainer did not observe how swiftly the woman retreated from the ramparts. On their return to her hotel she was again displaying her treasure, and delighting in carrying something contraband home—a little infraction of the excise laws being a great enjoyment to ladies like Mrs. Tregabbit—when the waiter that served, catching sight of the purchase, as Mrs. Tregabbit was hurrying it away, said, in tolerable English, with a bow—

"I hope, ladies, that you have not been cheating yourselves with buying any imitation lace?"

"Imitation!—cheating! It is Valenciennes lace,

surely." She extended the lace on her open and outstretched hands, as she spoke.

"Ah, madame, I have sorrow for that you are mocked with a false thing."

"The shameful French cheat!"

"Nay, pardon, madame; it is the English at Saint Pierre; it is they what make the lace of Nottingham. Great quantity is made there by the natives of Nottingham, in England. And it is ver good lace for the price; for common it is good market; but not the lace of my country, in the which fabric my father and my mother dealt. But *vaurien* Englishe—pardon me—they have cheated madame, as they do cheat *des étrangers*—the *mesdames et messieurs* what buy."

Mrs. Tregabbit was so perturbed at this discovery that, for once, she was silent, and let Jessy attend her and Kate to bed without further comment—merely, in her own room, as soon as she was alone, putting on a pair of spectacles, which she kept for private use, and soon discovering that the lace was but a very clever imitation, which she could have bought in England, by the score of yards, for as little as she had now given for one. It was not the trifling money loss she cared for, but it mortified her to be outwitted.

She took some comfort to herself by the shrewd and certainly not untrue remark—"There's plenty of things bought in France, by others as well as me, that one can get far cheaper at home."

This little incident made Mrs. Tregabbit much more willing to leave Boulogne the next day than she would otherwise have been. She learned from Jessy, her maid, who, in some inquiries for a relation, had discovered, while they were at Calais, all about the colony of English lacemakers located at St. Pierre, and who, according to Jessy's version, were teaching French people how to make something cheap as well as pretty.

That morning, as they walked down to see the Folkestone packet arrive, and to while away the time upon the pier, until their own return in the afternoon, they noticed, among the arrivals, one poor lady, who was carried from the vessel on to the pier, and waited, propped up by cushions, while a Bath-chair was being fetched for her. She was evidently very faint; and the other passengers, amid the bustle of their arrival and the confusion of hotel touts, were all too busy to pay any attention to her. She would have lapsed into insensibility, if Kate had not stepped forward with her smelling-bottle, and, while she held it for the lady, kept her screened from the sun by her parasol. The white lips of the invalid were too feeble to utter thanks; but scarcely had a minute elapsed when a tall gentleman came up, accompanying a man with a wheeled chair. He saw the gloved hand that held the reviving scent, before he raised his eyes to the face which, now bent down to the invalid, shared the shadow of the parasol. "Thanks—many thanks," he said, bowing hurriedly—all his attention absorbed by the sufferer, whom he immediately lifted in his young, strong arms, and placed in the chair. Mrs. Tregabbit, at this moment, took Kate's arm rather impatiently, and said—

"Come away, my dear. It's not safe for you to be getting so near a sick person. Come away, I beg."

The languid eyes of the invalid opened, and she looked full at Kate, with an evident perception of the attention she had shown, and a sweet, patient smile of thankfulness, like a sunburst through a cloud, lighted up her pain and time worn face. It was a smile Kate liked to see—a smile long remembered. As the porter began to wheel away the chair, the tall young man in attendance turned to the ladies, and was raising his hat, when he suddenly paused, then stepped forward with an air of recognition, and said—

"I think I have the honour of speaking to Miss Ormond and Mrs. Tregabbit."

The latter lady stared blankly at him, but Kate hastened to say—"It is Mr. Oakenshaw, I think." Then, in an under tone to her companion—"You must remember him—the gentleman who represented my papa's sister at the funeral."

"Oh, to be sure! Dear me! I had forgotten, I declare."

Mrs. Tregabbit made a very elaborate curtsey, and, holding Kate's arm, was for hurrying her away; but Mr. Oakenshaw said, earnestly, to the latter—

"Are you making any stay here, Miss Ormond?"

"We leave this afternoon."

"Oh!" in a tone of regret; then he added, "Pardon my inquiry—I'm so anxious about—your—au—about Mrs. Oakenshaw; she is, as you saw, so very ill."

"Is that my father's sister?" said Kate, her whole manner undergoing a change. "Is it, really?" Even as she spoke she had thrown off Mrs. Tregabbit's hand, and was some paces on her way towards the chair.

"My love," said the matron, roused to her fullest energy, "you would not think of disturbing and startling a sick person, by presenting yourself just now; why, it might kill her. And do, pray, remember she never was like a sister to your dear papa."

"They were estranged, madam, certainly; but that might not have been the sister's fault: nay, from what I, her step-son, know of her, it could not have been her fault. I venture to ask Miss Ormond to show her own kind heart by speaking a word—it can be but a word, for we go on by train in an hour—to her aunt."

"Oh, I must; indeed I must, Mrs. Tregabbit."

"Well, then," replied that lady, angrily, "Mr. Oakenshaw must take the responsibility of preparing the sick lady. I disapprove of the whole thing; and don't you see, my dear, how we are being looked at?"

Kate shrunk against Mrs. Tregabbit at this remark, and fancied, as sensitive people do, that all eyes were on her. Still she could not resist the impulse that impelled her to seek her kinswoman. Mr. Oakenshaw rushed after the chair, gave the man charge to wheel it carefully, and then returned to Kate, who, walking between Mrs. Tregabbit and the young man, kept her purpose with a tenacity which surprised and annoyed the one, and deeply gratified the other.

There are certain stages of illness in which people are impervious to any sudden shock. They are so wrought up by physical suffering that mental interests fade into a dreamy indistinctness to them. It was so with Mrs. Oakenshaw. Her greatest earthly desire was to make the journey by the shortest possible sea-passage to the

baths of Aix-la-Chapelle—for that was her last hope of cure—and the exertion, in her weak state, was so great that it nearly prostrated all her faculties; so that, when she was wheeled into the *salon* of an hotel to take some refreshments, prior to continuing her journey, her stepson came to her with the words—

"You must not be alarmed, mother, dear; here's a young lady you have often spoken of in this place, and that you would, I'm sure, like to shake hands with."

"Oh, Gerald," she said, hastily, "I can see no one."

"Not your niece?—not Miss Ormond?"

A flush passed over the thin face. "What! has she come at last?" Then, leaning her head back wearily, she added, languidly, "Yes, you can bring her."

The windows of the room, which overlooked the pavement, were open, in consequence of the heat, and the passengers along the street could, if they chose to be impudent, of course, see all that went forward in the room; but, in the agitation of Gerald Oakenshaw and the weakness of his step-mother, this was not noticed.

Mrs. Tregabbit had, meanwhile, so far obtained a respite to a meeting which she strongly objected to, that she had detained Kate outside while the young man went to prepare the invalid. Of course, as the two ladies could not stand in the street, they sauntered back along the esplanade, Mrs. Tregabbit getting as far away as possible, so that when Mr. Oakenshaw, whose communication had been, as we have seen, of the very briefest, came outside, he had a good space to traverse before he came up with them, and Mrs. Tregabbit was urgent that Kate should walk slowly back, "unless she wanted to get brain fever, in that sunshine." These trivial hindrances delayed the interview; and as, sometimes, in a moment's space, the most important events take place, so it happened that between Gerald Oakenshaw's departure to fetch Kate to her aunt and his return with her, a face had appeared at the open window and looked in full at the invalid. Her eyes had been fixed on vacancy, and she was lost in thought about the announcement of her niece being near. Suddenly her vague gaze changed; something fixed it. Slowly, but distinctly, as in a vivid dream, she saw one whom she had known through all her early years. A tremor ran through her frame; her eyes met those that were fixed on her from the window. The recognition was mutual; neither seemed able to avoid looking with a fixed, stony stare—spell-bound at the other. At length each, with an effort, uttered

just one word, simultaneously: "Brother!" was the sighing exclamation from the blanched lips of Mrs. Oakenshaw "Sister!" came, in a hissing whisper, from the man.

These, like words spoken under the influence of a nightmare, gave sudden relief to the speakers. The man, after another long gaze, withdrew from the window, looked round him in the street, as if to realise where he was, and then, with recovered self-possession, pulled his slouching hat yet more firmly over his brows, and, hastily drawing forth his handkerchief, wiped the perspiration off his face, as though he was intent rather on concealing it, and, looking carefully at the house, he crossed the road, and sauntered away into the shade.

Mrs. Oakenshaw's recovery from her surprise was by no means so sudden or complete. The momentary chill at her heart was followed by a rush, as of flame, through her veins; and it was in this state of excitement to his utter confusion, that Gerald Oakenshaw found her, as he led up Kate to her chair, closely followed by Mrs. Tregabbit, who made the most of her portly presence and flowing, sable robes, as she crossed the room, and who was certainly amazed, as well as the rest, to hear the invalid say to Kate—

"What do you mean by coming here? Is he with you? Don't you know that my quarrel with your father was all about him?"

"What does she mean?" said Kate, shrinking back.

"Whom?" inquired Gerald, confounded.

"Whom! She knows; her uncle—her father's brother: and she brings him here to kill me with his presence." Her voice was stifled with sobs, and she sank back, gasping with hysteria.

"This is madness," said Mrs. Tregabbit—a solution of the case so consonant to reason that it presented the only clue.

Utterly overwhelmed with surprise and alarm at Mr. Oakenshaw's state, Gerald did not seek to detain the young lady he had brought, and who, naturally concluding that her presence had been the cause of the delirious emotion she had witnessed, hastened to relieve the disturbance caused by her presence—Mrs. Tregabbit as hastily leading her from the room, and pondering, as she went, the words—"Her uncle; her father's brother. My quarrel with your father was all about him." Had these expressions any basis in fact? Had Mr. Ormond a brother? She had never heard him mention one.

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOATS"—(TWENTY-THIRD LIST.)

[We shall be glad to receive any lists which may still be out, as we shall close the account within the next few days. A statement of the fund will shortly be laid before our readers.—Editor of THE QUIVER.]

	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.		s. d.		s. d.			
Acknowledged in No. 34, 1,503	5	5	Miss Dascombe, Bristol.....	3	3	0	Mrs. Sharp, Seafield St., Cullen	0	0	Miss Rice, Tewkesbury.....	0	1
Mr. B. Mason, Bryn Aber,	5	0	A. E. Banks, Bexton Hill,	0	0	0	Master W. R. Royton	0	2	E. Lawler, Tewkesbury.....	0	1
Abercraf	5	0	Leeds.....	0	1	10	Mrs. E. G. Ivybridge, Devon	0	3	J. Houman, Smethwick	0	1
A. W. Wilson, Glasgow.....	2	0	E. J. W., Worcester	0	1	0	J. E. Cutts, London, E.C.....	0	1	L. Nugent, Sandford	0	1
Ernest Walker	0	0	Mr. M. H. Williams, Liverpool	0	0	0	G. J. D. Williams, Liverpool	0	0	H. J. Williams, Liverpool	0	1
Z. Y. T. A. Friend in the East	0	4	Rev. R. S. Brooke, Wyton	1	17	6	H. Morley, Manchester	0	7	A. H. N. Yorion	0	2
W. T. Standridge, Kingstown	0	6	W. Barr, Belith, Scotland	0	10	0	M. Devonaire	0	3	M. Prichard, Chester	0	2
Three Roberts, Yarm.....	0	7	Miss Berkeley, London	0	2	0	W. H. Gribble, St. Heliers	0	0	J. Green, Jun., Sutton	0	0
Donaldson, Rosedale	0	1	J. T. Commissaire, Esq., collector, 10, Queen St., Liverpool	0	4	0	0	0	M. S. Gray, Herne Bay	0	0	
Frank Southampton	0	0	L. Moore, Cardiff	0	4	6	J. H. Trotter, Oldham Town	0	1	The Rev. Mr. L. H. Newell, New York	0	0
W. Wallace, Redchale	0	5	E. P. Cavan, Headcorn	0	5	11	Children of the Manningtree Wesleyan Day School, per	0	0	Windle, Hornclow-on-the-Hill	0	7
Mrs. H. W. Crowhurst, 1,			Mr. R. Dawson, Cambridge	0	10	7	T. W. Burwood	0	10	Total	£183 0 1	
Richmond Villas, Swansea	1	3	H. Brown, Kirk-Ireton	0	4	0	E. H. C. Bishop, Warrington	0	1	W. F. A. Harding, Stoke	0	12
R. Cawie	2	11	Miss E. M. Whitney, Whitney Academy, Hereford	0	2	6	F. Robinson, 10, Gloucester Street, Liverpool	0	10	Newington	0	6
D. H. B.	0	2	L. B., Keasby	0	14	0	Office, Cook St., Liverpool	0	9	Mr. Pidge, Birmingham	0	9
M. Shoobridge, 18, Hinckfoss Street, W.C.....												